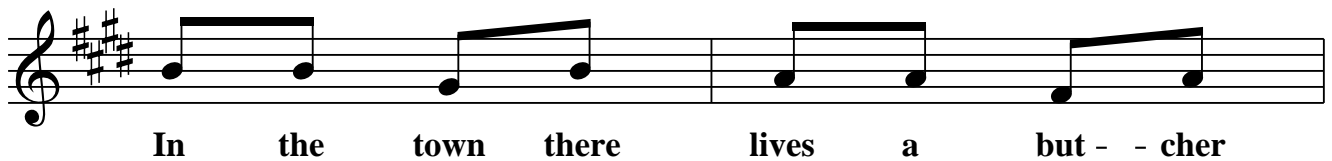
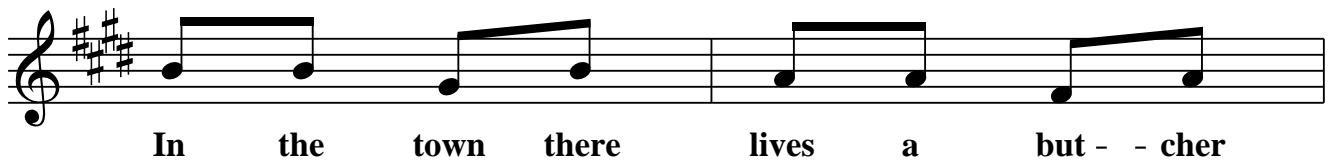
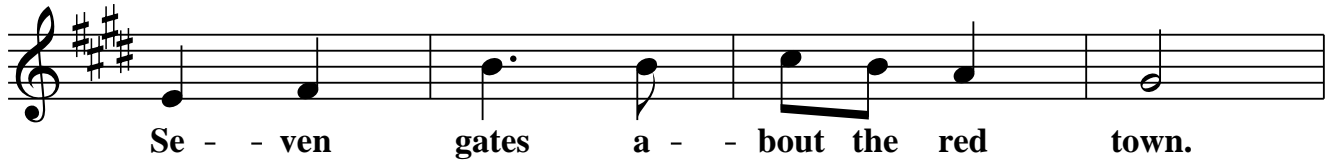


# The Handsome Butcher



Seven locks upon the red gate,  
Seven gates about the red town.  
In the town there lives a butcher  
And his name is Handsome John Brown.  
In the town there lives a butcher  
And his name is Handsome John Brown.

John Browns's boots are polished so fine,  
John Brown's spurs they jingle and shine.  
On his coat a crimson flower,  
In his hand a glass of red wine.  
On his coat a crimson flower,  
In his hand a glass of red wine.

In the night. the golden spurs ring,  
In the dark, the leather boots shine.  
Don't come tapping at the window,  
Now your heart no longer is mine.  
Don't come tapping at the window,  
Now your heart no longer is mine.